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FRANZ SCHUBERT: A STUDY.

BY FR. NIECKS.

(Continued from page 135.)

CONCLUSION.

WE are now, as it were, standing on an eminence where we see spread out before us a comprehensive view of the various objects which previously we had seen and examined singly, or in smaller groups. This position enables us to judge, with some degree of certainty, of the relative value of these objects, and to discern, by separating the accidental from the essential, by distinguishing what is peculiar to one or some of them from what is common to all, their fundamental and common character. No one, I think, who looks back upon the road we have travelled, can come to any other conclusion than that, that which marks every one of Schubert's works as his own, and distinguishes them from those of any one else, is their idyllic expression—*i.e.*, they tell us rather of quiet enjoyment and patient endurance of life, than of passionate desires and fierce battling; rather of sweet sad musing and happy dreaming, than of philosophic thoughts and heroic deeds; they contain much warmth, but little ardour, and feeling outbalances intellect. That sentiment predominates in Schubert's nature, and that reason peeps through it only here and there, as light through the painted windows of a cathedral, may be seen in his letters and diary, of which I have given a few specimens. His reverent admiration for Beethoven is significant; it reminds one of a loving woman's worship of the man of her choice, in the presence of whose strength her own tender, graceful gifts and accomplishments appear to her as of small account. Power, and especially mental power, makes itself always felt. But it is one thing to feel, and another to admit, even to ourselves, that we do so. Schubert was a loving, simple, and truthful character, and unhesitatingly, without false shame or envy, admitted Beethoven's mental superiority, and strove to make himself worthy of him. The predominance of the feeling over the thinking man would naturally affect not only the matter, but, in a still higher degree the form of his compositions, which, indeed, when he had once attained mastery over his thoughts, assumed a character of their own. The build of Schubert's structures is slight; their parts are lightly joined together, and sometimes merely lean against each other. I need not enlarge upon this matter now, as I have already discussed it when speaking of the B minor symphony (see page 104), and also in other parts of this study. Perhaps no word describes the character of Schubert's form better than the adjective "feminine." Whilst Beethoven's manly form is distinguished by firm compactness and logical force, that of Schubert is distinguished by diffuseness and looseness. The one evolves, the other revolves. But let it be noted that the subject-matter which Schubert brought forward admitted, and even demanded, some degree of diffuseness and looseness in its treatment.

Schubert learned only slowly to express himself—to infuse his individuality—in the larger forms; feeling his own weakness, or distrusting his own strength, he leaned for a long time on his great predecessors. He was first successful in *Lied*-composition, creating with the hand of

a master lyrics of originality and great beauty as early as 1815; next in works for the pianoforte; after that, in chamber-music, and lastly in orchestral compositions. This slowness in ordering, grouping, and condensing his thoughts is, no doubt, to some extent a natural defect, or, if you like, a peculiarity of the man. But has not the musician also something to do with it? Would not a more thorough musical education have, in part at least, removed this weakness? would not a short course of severe study have enabled him to overcome a difficulty which it took him many years of much writing to master in some degree? It was not want of acquaintance with the works and forms of the great masters which caused this deficiency (for we know that he very soon imitated them with great ease), but inability to handle the material—to mould the thought that came from within. What it was he stood in need of—and what he afterwards felt himself he stood in need of—we shall see in the following sketch of his musical education. The facts and quotations are gathered from various parts of Kreissle's book, and here put together in a connected order.

"His (Schubert's) fondness for music," Kreissle writes, "was remarkable in his very earliest years, and needed but small inducements to show itself. According to his sister Therese, the boy contracted a warm friendship for a joiner's apprentice, a namesake and a relative, who often took him on a visit to a pianoforte warehouse. Upon the instruments in the warehouse and an old worn-out piano at home the child studied his first exercises, without any master to guide him; and when later—at the age of seven—he began a course of regular instruction, it soon became evident that he had anticipated and mastered the principles which his master proposed to teach him."

Franz Schubert's father remarks about the boy's musical education: "In his eighth year I taught him the rudiments of violin-playing, and practised with him till he could play easy duets very tolerably; after that I sent him for singing-lessons to Michael Holzer, choir-master in Lichtenthal. This gentleman assured me often, with tears in his eyes, that he had never had such a pupil. 'If ever I wished to teach him anything new,' he used to say, 'I found he had already mastered it. Consequently I cannot be said honestly to have given him any lessons at all; I merely amused myself, and looked at my pupil with mute astonishment.'"

It may easily be believed that Holzer, who taught Franz not only singing, but also organ-playing and thorough bass, found in him an apt pupil; no doubt the best he ever had, and very likely the best he possibly could get. But from the teacher's expression that he could do nothing else but "look at him with mute astonishment," one is inclined to infer that Schubert did not fall into the best of hands. To say, as Kreissle does, that Schubert "had anticipated and mastered the principles which his master proposed to teach him," is nonsense. A child, be its genius ever so great, is capable of being furthered by proper leading. The story of Mozart's early years and education shows this clearly; and surely no one will assert that Schubert was superior in aptitude to, and more richly endowed than Mozart. For what Holzer exclaimed on hearing the boy Schubert extemporise—"He has harmony at his finger-ends!"—was also true of Mozart.

Ignaz Schubert, the eldest of the brothers—of whom Kreissle remarks that he was very conscientious in teaching his youngest brother the elements of pianoforte-playing—says: "I was amazed when Franz told me, a few months after we began, that he had no need of any further instruction from me, and that for the future he would make his own way." Nevertheless, amazed as Ignaz

was, there was nothing in Franz's proceeding which need amaze us. A serviceable pedagogue for commonplace pupils has not necessarily the requisite ability for teaching more highly gifted natures. A driver may do well enough for a dull horse, and yet be helpless with a spirited one, to manage which, strength, experience, and above all presence of mind and readiness of resource, are indispensable. But slow coaching did not suit our Franz; he felt that it was not the thing for him. To teach a genius, a man is required who has mastered his art, and to whom it is something living, not a complex of rules for the existence of which he can give no reasons.

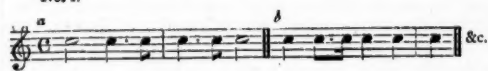
In 1808, after brilliantly passing an examination, Franz was admitted among the choristers of the Chapel Royal, and thereby became also a pupil of the Convict, a municipal school in Vienna. By his compositions he very soon drew upon him the attention of the Court *Capellmeister* Salieri, through whose intervention he got some instruction in thorough-bass from Rucizka, the musical instructor at this institution. I suppose it is not known of what sort this instruction was. Afterwards Schubert was taught by Salieri himself. One is naturally curious to know what was Salieri's mode of teaching, and what was the course of study he set Schubert to. But there is no certain answer forthcoming. The general opinion seems to be that Schubert's training under Salieri was not a very severe one. Kreissle's remarks on this point are very plausible: "There can be no doubt that Schubert derived from Salieri's teaching those advantages which every able pupil would receive from the practical hints of an artist, able and self-reliant, whose experience of his profession ranged over half a century. But the intellectual bent and taste of a teacher who clung obstinately to the traditions of the old Italian school, were entirely at variance with those of Schubert, whose winged fancy hurried him along through the realms of German romanticism, and spurned all artificial checks and impediments." True, one of the last dying offsprings of an effete foreign school was hardly the right man to tend and cultivate the first tender shoot of an indigenous growth. That Schubert, if not then, at least later on, felt the inadequacy of Salieri's instruction, as well as his own deficiencies, is distinctly shown by his applying, in the last year of his life, in fact a few weeks before his death, to the Court-organist Sechter, for the purpose of obtaining his assistance in a more thorough study of the art of fugue-writing. It was agreed that Marpurg's well-known work, "Abhandlung über die Fuge," was to be used as a text-book, the time and number of hours were fixed, but, alas! this well-laid plan was never to be executed. Two notes given by Kreissle may likewise find a place here. Mayrhofer, the composer's friend, remarked: "Schubert, with no deep knowledge of counterpoint and thorough-bass, remained, strictly speaking, a great natural genius. A few months before his death he began to take lessons of Sechter; the famous Salieri, therefore, does not seem to have gone systematically through his severe course of study with him, although he examined, praised, and improved Schubert's earlier efforts." And Schindler, the biographer of Beethoven, says that "had Schubert gone through the necessary drilling with Salieri, he would not have wanted any lessons in counterpoint from Sechter. Salieri's instruction was confined to lessons in part-writing." Schindler informs us here of what kind Salieri's instruction was, but can the information be depended upon? The above remark of Mayrhofer, that Schubert had begun his lessons with Sechter two months before his death, while we know from the latter gentleman, the best authority in this case, that there never were any, shows

how careful one has to be in accepting the communications of friends.

The documentary and other evidence which I have here produced, or rather reproduced, meagre as it is, enables us to form some idea of what Schubert's education was, and also assists us in accounting for certain qualities of his works and his artistic development.

And now let us see what use he makes of the four musical elements. Schubert's inexhaustibility and beauty of melody is, one may say, proverbial. It is difficult to describe the subtle qualities of melody, but if you have read what I said of the man Schubert, you have also the characteristics of his melody. In his rhythms he is not so rich and varied as in his melodies, harmonies, and instrumentation. His great contemporary, Beethoven, and his great successor, Schumann, are superior to him in this respect. The songs furnish many examples of what may be called poverty of rhythmical invention. Very striking is the predominance of the march rhythm in his pianoforte duets; I do not mean the number of marches, which, indeed, is considerable, but the characteristic measure—rhythmical construction—of the march. Thus, for instance:

No. 1.



The other instrumental works, and, in a still higher degree, the vocal compositions, give rise to similar observations. My remarks, however, must not be understood as denying to Schubert all merit with regard to the utilisation of this element. His instrumental works are not barren of beautiful rhythmical effects, and his songs often owe much of their expressional force and subtle beauty to happy rhythms. Schubert's harmonies are full of originality and piquancy, although the praise given to them cannot be so unrestricted as that of his melodies. There was a grain of truth in what his contemporary critics said, his harmonic progressions are sometimes abrupt and crude. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn what Ambros remarks on this point in his "Study on the Theory of the Prohibition of Fifths" (*Zur Lehre vom Quinten Verbot*. Leipzig: Heinrich Matthes): "Fr. Schubert, who often manifests a certain naïve audacity in his harmonies, and sometimes makes bold strokes of genius (his juvenile nature contrasting with the manliness and calm, firm mastery of his model Beethoven), does not trouble himself about fifths and their contemners. In the *Schwanengesang* (No. 6, *In der Ferne*) he has introduced the following (really horrible) progression":—

No. 2.



Indeed, the lover of the noble sport of fifths-hunting will find in Schubert's compositions grounds abounding with game. Schubert dares much, but his daring generally calls forth commendation, not reproof; and although

he often surprises us, he very seldom shocks us. As regards instrumentation, it plays a most prominent part in Schubert's works. His predilection for colour, and his delight in colouring, are observable everywhere. With regard to the orchestral works and songs, this has been sufficiently shown, and the application of colouring to pianoforte compositions need not surprise us, for it is what distinguishes the modern pianoforte style from the old, and became possible by the employment of the pedal. Let us keep in mind that musical colouring includes disposition of different tones played simultaneously by one instrument, as well as combination of different instruments. But it is stranger that colouring should assume so great an importance, as it does with Schubert, in a branch of composition where one would least expect it, namely, in the chamber-music. For examples I refer you more especially to the G major quartett, and the string quintett. That Schubert is, in his orchestral works, above all a colourist, is obvious at first sight, or perhaps I should say at first hearing. I do not know whether there is another composer who suffers so much in being transcribed. Play Schubert's symphonies, &c., on the pianoforte, and most of the indescribable fragrance of poesy and romanticism is gone; and, unless the recollections of some former orchestral performances make up for the present deficiencies, you will wonder why people should make so much ado about the man and his work.

And now one other glance at the beautiful world through which we have journeyed, and then away. The songs—and of these, the settings of Wilhelm Müller's and Goethe's poems—deserve of all the works of Schubert our highest admiration. Had he lived longer, his achievements as a writer for the orchestra would very likely have equalled the importance and wealth of his compositions for the voice. As it is, he must stand or fall as a symphonist with the ninth—the great C major symphony. Need I say that he stands gloriously? The number of valuable works of chamber-music which he produced is greater than that of his orchestral compositions. The two trios, the string quartetts in A minor, D minor, G major, and the string quintett may be ranked highest; the octett and pianoforte quintett somewhat lower.

Of the pianoforte compositions, through which Schubert exercised a great influence on the succeeding generation, the finest and most characteristic are the A minor sonata, the fantasia, andante, menuet, and allegretto, Op. 78, and the smaller pieces; the weightiest work is the fantasia in C major. Further may be mentioned his last three sonatas (in C minor, A major, and B flat major), and the B major sonata, which attracts by much that is peculiarly Schubertian.

The A minor quartett and the A minor sonata seem to me the most complete and perfect expression of the man Schubert; for whilst in other works one or the other of the art-producing factors predominates, thought, feeling, imagination, and fancy are evenly balanced and harmoniously blended in these. How, for instance, imagination takes hold of the composer in the C major symphony, how he abandons himself to a fanciful play with sounds in the quintetts, and so on, need not be enlarged upon now, as enough has been said about this when the various works of Schubert were discussed.

On coming to his larger vocal works, one cannot help regretting that he did not write pastorals and sacred legends, instead of masses; fairy and Eastern tales, instead of operas. The grand and sublime, the tragic and heroic, were evidently not his sphere. On the other hand, all the characteristics of the man and artist seem especially to qualify Schubert for the composition of cantatas and

similar works. We have indications in what he accomplished of what might have been expected from him if he had been furnished with the right subjects.

To regret a loss, where there is such wealth to rejoice at, has somewhat the appearance of ungratefulness; and to conclude my study thus would be, to say the least, ungracious. It is more befitting that I should offer—and this I do with all my heart—my humble tribute of love and admiration to one who has done so much to make life more beautiful, and, alas! was, as far as this world is concerned, "rewarded for his many roses with sharp thorns." But the gentle, loving Schubert is not dead: he still lives in his music. Let us seek him, and make friends with him; and having done so, let us love and cherish him well, but wisely.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

It was generally understood that the organisation of the Festival of the Three Choirs—so called because held alternately at Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, the three dioceses benefited by the receipts for the charity—was to suffer "the change which comes of progress," and to be based upon an entirely different plan after the meeting at Gloucester in 1874. That this was not only the prevalent popular opinion, but the opinion of those supposed to be more intimately connected with the working, was in some sort borne out by the quasi-prophetic performance, by Dr. Wesley, of the Dead March in *Saul* as a concluding voluntary after Canon Barry's "funeral festival sermon," as it was called. But, as events showed, the change in the character of the festival only took place at Worcester the year succeeding, for when the time came for the turn of Hereford, the plan adopted at that place and for that occasion was much the same as the traditional custom previously observed; and now this year the Gloucester Festival, which began on September 4th, was conducted in such a manner as though no alteration had ever been suggested, much less carried out. It is true that one or two presumably objectionable features or matters connected with the ordering of the festival have been sought to be removed or softened; but the festival has taken place, and has been arranged so as to show that the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester have recognised the expediency of making considerable concessions to the popular views held with regard to the whole business.

The daily services of the cathedral have not been interrupted during the period of preparation; for the scaffolding and temporary fixtures have all been constructed out of the building, each separate piece numbered and marked so that it could be fixed in its proper position without trouble, after the same plan that Solomon's Temple was constructed, so that no sound of metal tool need be heard in the place of the sanctuary. This was one of the strongest objections the clerical dignitaries had to offer against the festival. The question of money, or the manner of gathering it, gave little concern, for that was the primary object of the whole affair; and as the undertaking was to benefit the poorer sort among the clergy and their relatives or connections, this objection has never been strongly urged. This fact the Bishop of Gloucester almost acknowledged in his sermon which opened the proceedings, when he said: "So great do I deem the good effected by this charity, so serious, and so seriously increasing, are the needs which it is designed to supply, that I should feel myself acting with something

more than unkindness to the silent and uncomplaining recipients of our Christian bounty, if, at a critical period in the sequence of these festivals, I failed to put private opinions somewhat in the background, and to appear in this place to press upon you to aid a cause which, as I will show you in the sequel, even more than ever requires our earnest and benevolent support." These words have greater force upon the mind of the outside observer when it is remembered that hitherto the bishop has absented himself from the festivals upon conscientious grounds of objection to the plan of the whole undertaking. It is, therefore, reasonable to assume that, all things considered, the interruption of the flow of the current of these meetings instituted at Worcester is likely, after all, to be only temporary, and possibly confined to the one instance.

It is, however, principally from a musical rather than from a theological point of view that these periodical events have interest for the readers of a musical journal. In speaking, therefore, from this point, it can scarcely be said with any degree of truth that the performances possess any very great degree of importance. The special advantage of a local musical representation of familiar works, however much the effect may be aided by the introduction of the best help possible, in these days of easy access to distant parts, is comparatively small; for it is not difficult to suppose that those who would trouble themselves to be present at Gloucester, enduring all the concomitants of the greed of local lodging-letters, and other lesser inconveniences, could, if they chose, make special journeys to other places at other times, to hear the same works better done. It may be, however, that, after all, the excellence of execution in the works promised is of small import, and that those who are willing to be present on these occasions are thankful for small mercies, and do not question the quality for the sake of the convenience. One of the most interesting features in connection with the festival was found in the daily service preceding each performance. At these, the members of the several cathedral choirs who were present to take part in the week's work united to form a choral body. The services in which they took part have had special claims upon the attention of the visitors and others interested in choral service, for in each case the effect has been worthy of the place and of the occasion, more especially the final service, when the help of the band was given voluntarily as a supplement to the usual organ accompaniment of the musical part of the service. In this the somewhat novel appearance of Messrs. Santley, Lloyd, and other musical lights, in surplices, taking part with hearty goodwill, rendered the occasion additionally memorable.

So excellent was this nucleus of the festival chorus, that the weakness and want of balance displayed in the choruses of the opening oratorio, *Elijah*, became the more remarkable, and to a certain extent unaccountable, unless the oratorio was considered so well known that special rehearsals were not made before the actual presentation. Audiences are now so well able to judge of the value of a performance, that the time will come, and that shortly, when they will avoid *impromptu* or *scratch* executions of popular works, however well or supposedly well known, as an injustice to the composer, if for no more potent reason.

As a tribute to the memory of the two organists, Dr. Wesley and Mr. G. Townshend Smith, the Dead March in *Saul* was played between the parts of the oratorio, and in this, as in the choruses of the work alluded to, the temporary organ erected by Messrs. Walker and Sons was effectively employed by Mr. Done of Worcester, the organist of the week. The solos in Mendelssohn's work

were sung by Mlle. Albani, Miss Löwe, Miss Vernon, Miss Griffiths, Mrs. Patey, Mr. Cummings, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Santley, they being the whole of the chief vocalists engaged for the week's work. These solos were well sung, for the artists knew how much the estimate of their reputation depended upon their individual efforts.

The first evening concert, given in the Shire Hall, was marked by the production of a clever, if not absolutely original, overture, by a hitherto unknown composer, Mr. Montague Smith. His scoring is, on the whole, good; he expresses his ideas ably; he knows the value of form; but there is no attempt to display a distinctiveness of character, probably for the very good reason that he has as yet none to express.

There was, of course, a great amount of musically uninteresting vocal pieces sung by the several vocalists, in addition to the share each had in the performance of a selection from Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, though why a selection only of such a work was given instead of the whole was not explained. The march from *Tannhäuser*, Beethoven's symphony in C minor, fairly well rendered, an admirable performance by M. Sainton of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and some less valuable works were also included in the programme.

On Wednesday morning, Bach's Matthew "Passions-musik" was presented, with Miss Löwe, Miss Griffiths, Mrs. Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick singing the soli parts. The choruses in this were better given than in the *Elijah*, but still there was much left to be desired. In Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, the choruses were better sung, and by Mlle. Albani, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Maybrick, the solos were well delivered. Altogether, the performance of this work can be fairly said to be good, if nothing higher.

Instead of the usual concert at the Shire Hall in the evening, a performance of sacred music in the cathedral was given, which consisted of fragments of *St. Paul* and of the *Creation*. In the former, Miss Vernon, one of the new names among the festival singers, won for herself a good report by her singing; and in the latter, Mlle. Albani's beautiful fresh voice was greatly admired. Mrs. Patey, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Santley were also present, and the performance would have been perfect but for the coarseness of the chorus singing. Not more satisfactory was the performance of Brahms's *Requiem* on Thursday morning. So tame and spiritless were the movements given, that it seemed as though the executants were sufferers in the grief which gave origin to the composition, or that they were treading with caution an unknown path. The solos were well sung, and the accompaniments fairly played. The best orchestral performance of the day was in Sullivan's "In Memoriam" overture, the reason which suggested its introduction into the programme being a laudable desire to

"Think in sadness of the souls
No more in concert with our own."

Otherwise, for its musical value, the overture might well have been spared. One of the novelties produced this day was a *Kyrie eleison* for solo voices and chorus, by B. Luard Selby—a short, unpretending work of considerable merit. It is impossible not to observe in it an earnest yearning after originality, which the composer, yet a young man, must be careful to watch and modify, lest it should sink into a tedious mannerism. Among other of the pieces in the programme of the morning, mention must be made of the performance of the late Dr. Wesley's anthem, "The Wilderness and the Solitary

Place," with the accompaniment originally written for an organ *obligato* scored for a band by his own hand. Much of the solemnity and dignity of the original is lost by this change, and the substitution of female voices for those of chorister boys in the treble and alto parts. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, also given on this morning, was the best performance as yet heard at the festival. The introductory symphony was finely played, the solos were well sung, and the choruses were most excellently delivered.

At the evening concert, Gade's *Crusaders*, produced at the Birmingham Festival last year, was the opening piece; and a clever though fragmentary overture by C. V. Stanford, one of the most worthy among the rising musicians of Cambridge, was introduced. The composer conducted his own work, which was exceedingly well received.

In the second part, Mlle. Albani sang the well-known scena from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mr. Radcliffe playing the flute *obligato* part; she also delighted her hearers with her simple and unaffected version of the ballad "Robin Adair;" and this being encored, she introduced the "Last Rose of Summer," now become almost commonplace by frequent repetition, at all times and places, and after many manners. In the prayer from *Tannhäuser*, the grace and pathos of her vocalisation was greatly admired, and won for her the chief honours of the evening; although it is but fair to say that the other vocal pieces by Mrs. Patey, Miss Griffiths, Messrs. Cummings, Santley, and Maybrick, were each good and much liked. Two pieces by Weber, the "Concert-stück" and the "Jubel Overture," were also given with due effect. The "Concert-stück," played by Miss Zimmermann in a truly brilliant style, brought with it a special and distinctive charm.

On the last day (Friday, the 7th), the *Messiah* was the oratorio performed. The familiarity with which the work is known brought with it a distinct advantage to the audience, for it was a truly admirable performance, principals, band, and chorus alike uniting to produce the best effect. This concluded the festival performances. As far as the promised scheme was concerned, the festival proper ended as it began, with a service in the cathedral. Of this concluding service mention has already been made; it remains to say that it was a true and thorough success. The service (Gadsby in C) and the anthem, "O sing unto the Lord" (Purcell), in which Mr. Santley and Mr. Lloyd sang, were accompanied by a band, the effect of which, in the old Gothic building, was exceedingly fine. Mr. Hayward presided at the organ, and Mr. C. Harford Lloyd conducted, as he had done throughout the week. The knowledge and care displayed by the new organist of Gloucester Cathedral as a ruler and conductor upon this occasion has been deservedly the theme of admiration; and the general success of the music, in the face of one or two obvious imperfections, is without doubt to be attributed to his management and tact.

The pecuniary success of the festival may be inferred from the fact that from the receipts, from the sale of tickets, the contributions of the stewards, and the collections at the doors, there will be a sum of nearly £2,000 to deliver to the trustees of the charity, a sum almost unprecedented upon like occasions heretofore.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Leeds Festival of 1874 was the first of an intended revival of these triennial meetings, for which in time past the town had been famous. The second began on last

September 19th, and was continued for the three following days, with a pecuniary success equal to, if not greater than the former. From a musical point of view the result was highly satisfactory as a whole; although in certain details there were things which "left the heart longing," it was more on account of the character of the items than the manner in which they were presented.

The band numbered seventy-eight strings, with Sainton as leader, and other instruments, which, with the organ (Dr. Spark as player), made altogether one hundred and five performers. The chorus, as fine a body of voices as it was possible to collect together, consisted of seventy-eight sopranos, forty-one contraltos, thirty-nine altos, seventy-six tenors, and sixty-eight basses, with Mr. Broughton as chorus-master, Sir Michael Costa as chief conductor and director of the festival. The profits are to be handed over to the medical charities of the town, and it is anticipated that the sum thus applied will be considerable.

The principal vocalists engaged were Mlle. Albani, Mmes. Edith Wynne, Osgood, and Sinico (sopranos), Mmes. Patey, Mudie-Bolingbroke, and Redeker (contraltos); Messrs. E. Lloyd and Shakespeare (tenors), and Messrs. Santley, C. Tovey, and Foli (basses).

If nothing else remains to distinguish the Leeds Festival of 1877 as remarkable among the undertakings of its kind, the omission of the time-honoured oratorio of the *Messiah* from the programme would be sufficient. The significance of the omission may be interpreted in several ways. In a town like Leeds the opportunities for the effective performance of the work are not rare. Chorus-singing is cultivated in a more earnest and well-directed style than in many another place out of the metropolis; a good local band is readily obtainable, and principals for the vocal solos can be easily attracted to join the issue. The place it would occupy in a programme might be spared for some rarer or newer work equally as interesting, if not altogether equally as attractive. This is the view taken by the Concert Committee. They, doubtless, did not intend to imply any disparagement to the value of the work, but desired to include as much novelty as possible within the limit of time assigned to the festival. It would appear, moreover, that the committee were in some degree actuated by a wish to carry out the design of giving the festival as much for the sake of music as for the cause of charity. Some explanation of the omission of the oratorio was offered by way of apology in the book of words. The fact still remains, the *Messiah* was not performed, and the festival is therefore noteworthy, if not remarkable.

All that could be done by the musical force to distinguish the occasion appeared to have been done with a will. The principal vocalists were well chosen, the band was admirable, and the chorus such a one as is not always to be heard at a festival, not even in Yorkshire. The chorus-singing was as refined, artistic, and powerful as possible. Conceive the idea of every single singer being moved with a notion that the several parts in the chorus were a series of simultaneous solos, and every one feeling that the success of the festival depended on his or her individual efforts, and some idea may be formed of the effect produced. It was superb—tuneful, precise, orderly, and thoroughly musical. This was well shown throughout the week, and was most striking in the opening performance, *Elijah*. The dramatic choruses descriptive of the scene on Mount Carmel were splendid, and the tranquil reflective passages could scarcely have been more poetically interpreted. The solos, admirably sung by Mlle. Albani, Mme. Edith Wynne, Mrs. Patey, and Mrs. Mudie-Bolingbroke, Mr. Lloyd and

Mr. Santley, were less impressive in their degree than the choruses; and the only thing lacking to secure an absolutely unrivalled performance was a certain needful precision and delicacy in the accompaniments. Sir Michael Costa insured a degree of steadiness after a time, but the exuberance of sound remained unchecked. Nevertheless, the performance as a whole was remarkably fine.

How far this result is to be attributed to the opportunity of having two days for the rehearsal of works, instead of one as elsewhere—for at Leeds the festival began on Wednesday—may be left to the imagination; the effect was good, and with that every one was content.

At the first evening concert the first novelty was produced—a cantata, *The Fire King*—the words adapted by Miss Maud Hargreaves from the poem by Sir Walter Scott, and the music by Mr. Walter Austin, a native of Leeds. The solos were sung by Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Patey, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Cecil Tovey, and Signor Foli. As the work is never likely to be heard again, details would be superfluous. The only feeling suggested by the performance was one of regret that Mr. Austin had not made *Fire* the master instead of the subject of his score. The remainder of the evening was occupied with a miscellaneous selection of music, in which Mlle. Albani took part.

On Thursday morning the programme included an organ solo, written and played by Dr. Spark, and a variety of pieces by several composers; but the most important work, if the quality of the performance be a guide to such a distinction, was the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, the earnestness of the chorus-singers helping this result. The performance of Handel's *Solomon* in the evening was the greatest achievement of the week, and one in which the conductor, Sir Michael Costa; the chorus-master, Mr. Broughton; and, in fact, all concerned, deserve the greatest meed of praise. The wealth of sound produced was exceedingly noble and broad; and the special luxury of a *pianissimo* full in body, though delicate in tone, was presented to the ear in more than one of the choruses. The solos, sung by Mmes. Edith Wynne, Osgood, and Patey, with Messrs. Foli and Shakespeare, were no less excellent in proportion. The band was good, all working conjointly well.

On Friday morning Dr. Macfarren's new oratorio, *Joseph*, was heard for the first time in public. The interest attached to the work was very great, as the composer is known as one of the most learned musicians of the present day; and the great success of the truly fine work, *St. John the Baptist*, excited his admirers to expect some indications of the increasing value of his musical thoughts when expressed in the form of an oratorio. It is manifestly unfair to judge of a work, which must have cost its author much labour and thought during a long period, after the first hearing. A simple record of the impressions created is all that may now be offered. With this view in mind, *Joseph* may be a great work, but it is distinctly not a pleasing one. The student will rejoice in it as an evidence of the skilful use of ideas, and the ingenuity and scholarship displayed in its construction; but there is absolutely nothing that will satisfy the unskilful amateur who listens to music for the simple enjoyment it brings. Concessions have been made in it to popular taste, as in the introduction of two contralto songs, *à propos* of nothing; but for the rest, it is feared that the public will find the work dry, if not pedantic. Dr. Macfarren seems to have been influenced by a desire to treat his work after the modern German method, admirable enough in its way when it is the genuine outcome of the sentiments and bias of a composer, but

tasteless and wearisome when only the result of an adopted conviction. Like a borrowed garment, the folds sit uneasily and untidily on the borrower's shoulders. One may admire the texture and the manufacture, but not the fit.

Besides the employment of suggestive and suggesting themes for the several *dramatis personæ* of the sacred drama, all very legitimate, and in many cases cleverly used, Dr. Macfarren has, in his instrumental colouring, given special character to the ideas set forth; all this is admirable. In restlessness of key, fragmentary melody, and the treatment of voices as instruments, the oratorio is far from having the elements of delight. These peculiarities are independent of the book or *libretto*. In connection with it there are several others equally undesirable. It might be thought at first that no one would be more competent to judge of the fitness of the character of words suitable for music than a practical musician. Dr. Monk, the compiler of the book, is eminent and famous as a practical musician, but the book is disappointing, not to say bad. The text is often far-fetched, and singularly inappropriate. No complaint can reasonably be offered as to the application of passages relating to the Saviour of mankind to the subject of the oratorio; for Joseph was an ante-type of the Redeemer, but the alteration of pronouns to twist a narrative form into one which is personal and dramatic, is weak, if not in incorrect taste.

As far as the music is concerned, the composer has striven to do his best to make it acceptable among those who favour or appreciate modern views in music. To such, *Joseph* may possibly become a welcome, as it is unquestionably a remarkable, addition to the class to which it belongs.

It was fairly well performed; the conductor being Mr. Walter Macfarren, the brother of the composer; Mmes. Albani, Edith Wynne, Patey, and Messrs. Lloyd, Santley, and Foli were the soloists; the chorus-singing was very good, and, although the band was by no means perfect, a sufficiently good effect was presented to the audience, who called for the composer at the conclusion of the work.

The evening of Friday was set aside for a miscellaneous concert, in which were heard Raff's symphony in G minor (No. 4), exceedingly well played, the overtures to *Semiramide* and *The Wood Nymphs*, by Sterndale Bennett (conducted, *mirabile dictu*, by Sir Michael Costa), the ballet music from Gounod's *Faust*, and a multitude of vocal nothings, sung by Mmes. Sinico, Redeker, Patey, Mudie-Bolingbroke, Messrs. Lloyd, Santley, Tovey, and Foli.

On the last day (Saturday) Mozart's *Requiem* and Bach's *Magnificat* were given grandly and effectively. Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* formed the second part, and with the last notes of that work the festival ended, exception being made to the supplemental concert, given on Saturday night, of a selection of pieces previously performed during the week, at a moderate price for admission, a privilege which was fully enjoyed and freely taken advantage of.

The works produced at the festival have been altogether of a good and sterling character. Of the two only absolute novelties, one will probably be heard again in London, the other ought not to have been heard at all out of the private circle of the composer.

The financial result has been encouraging; the musical result, highly satisfactory; for Leeds has strengthened and maintained her claim to be considered as one of the foremost among musical towns in England.

A HAPPY EVENING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHARD WAGNER
BY ETHEL M. SMYTH.

IT was a beautiful spring evening. Summer proclaimed his advent in the delicious warm breeze which, soft as lover's sigh, fanned our foreheads and intoxicated our senses. We were following the stream of people bent for the public gardens, where a gallant company of musicians were to open the annual series of concerts held there in the summer. It was a fête-day. My friend R. (since deceased in Paris) was in the seventh heaven of bliss; even before the concert began, he was literally saturated with music—"the inner harmony," declared he, "that reigns and echoes perpetually in my being, when on some lovely spring evening I feel myself thoroughly happy!" We arrived at the gardens, and took possession of our usual seats at a table under a great oak-tree, careful observation having taught us that, not only was this place farthest removed from the vulgar crowd, but that you could there hear the music to best advantage. We pitied the unfortunate creatures who, both in public gardens and concert-rooms, are obliged, or possibly prefer, to sit in the immediate vicinity of the orchestra. We failed to comprehend why the sight of the music should entertain them more than the sound. Otherwise it was difficult to account for the fixed attention with which they followed the different movements of the various musicians, gazing with particularly eager interest at the drummer, when, after an anxiously-counted pause, he seemed on the point of joining in the thundering *tutti*. We agreed that when one is listening to exquisite instrumental music, nothing can be more prosaic and disenchanting than the sight of the puffed-out cheeks and distorted countenances of the wind-instrument players, the highly unæsthetic attitudes of the double-basses and cello, and even the monotonous up-and-down motions of the violin-bows. On this account we had placed ourselves where the faintest shade in the orchestral rendering was perfectly audible, all chance of visual interruption being equally impossible.

The concert began; many beautiful things were performed: among others, Mozart's Symphony in E flat, and Beethoven's in A. . . .

The concert was over. Silent, but with a contented smile, my friend sat opposite me, his arms crossed. The crowd melted gradually away with a soft rustle. The gentle warmth of evening began to yield to the cold night breeze.

"Let's have some punch," cried R., suddenly leaving his place, and endeavouring to attract the attention of a waiter.

Sacred moods, such as that in which we now found ourselves, should be prolonged as much as possible; and knowing how well punch comes in on like occasions, I joyfully seconded my friend's proposal. A bowl of not inconsiderable dimensions was soon steaming on our table, and we filled our glasses.

"Well," asked I, "how did you like the rendering of the symphony?"

"What! the rendering?" answered R. "There are moods in which, however excruciating at other times, the worst possible rendering of one of my pet works can afford me intense delight. These moods are certainly rare, and exert their gentle dominion over me only when my whole inward being is in perfect harmony with my physical health. Then, one touch from without, and the whole composition (in reality, an exact reproduction of my own feelings) is set going within me; and what is more, in ideal perfection, such as the best orchestra in the world, representing the same work to my outer senses,

could never hope to attain. In such moods, my usually scrupulous ear is obliging enough to recognise but the softest echo of the oboe's false note; the trumpet plays out of tune, and I can allow the horrid sound to pass by my ear without its carrying me for more than a second out of my happy frame of mind (in reality, a state of sweet self-deception into which I have coaxed myself, that I may by this means enjoy a perfect rendering of my pet work). In such moods, nothing is more annoying to me than hearing some fine-eared dandy pitch upon one of these musical *faux-pas* with dire indignation because his musical ear is thereby wounded—not that this prevents him admiring an entire shrieking scale with which next day some popular songstress racks nerves and ear. The music just goes in at one of his ears and out at the other—sometimes merely passing before his eyes; for I remember having watched people who, never having moved a muscle of their countenances when one of the wind-instruments went wrong, would suddenly clap their hands to their ears upon seeing some real musician shake his head with shame and horror."

"What!" interrupted I, "do I hear you declaiming against people with fine ears, when I've seen you dozens of times driven almost to distraction over the doubtful intonation of singers?"

"My good friend," cried R., "I am only speaking of to-day—of this present moment. God knows how often I nearly go wild over the impure tone of renowned violinists; that I often shower imprecations on the first singers of the day, just when they are congratulating themselves on their purity of distinction between *mi, fa, sol*; that at times it is impossible for me, be the instruments ever so carefully tuned, to find the least harmonious unison in an orchestra. And this is too frequently the case—when my good spirit has forsaken me—when I put on my dress coat, and mingle with perfumed ladies and curled dandies in quest of the happiness that is to re-enter my soul by the ears. Ah! you should just feel the anxiety with which I count each vibration and test each note. When my heart is closed and silent, I am quite as exacting as the dandies who annoyed me so much to-day; and there are times when a sonata of Beethoven's for violin or cello will drive me away. Thanks be to the God who made music and the spring-time, I *am* happy to-day, and able to tell you so." Whereupon he re-filled the glasses, and we drained them to the last drop.

"Let me tell you," rejoined I, "that I feel no less happy. Who could help it, just having enjoyed a quiet, comfortable hearing of two works that appear to have been specially created by the god of contemplative, lofty happiness? To me, the combination of the two symphonies was very happy; I seemed to discover a strange relationship between the two compositions; in both the distinct human consciousness of an existence framed for enjoyment is beautifully, gloriously blended with the yearning after a higher, spiritual happiness. The one distinction I should like to make is that in Mozart's music the heart speaks in a strain of sweet longing, while in Beethoven's conception that very longing snatches, with daring petulance, at infinity itself. In Mozart's, the predominant tone is one of complete tender emotion, while Beethoven's teems with bold knowledge of power."

"How glad I am," replied my friend, "to hear such sentiments expressed concerning the nature and significance of these noble instrumental works! I don't mean to say your sketchy dictum has fathomed the being of these creations. To fathom this—and still more, to put the result into words—lies as little in the province of human speech as it would be in the nature of music to express, with any distinctness, what belongs to the poet's

organ. It is a pity that so many people give themselves the unnecessary trouble of blending the musical and poetical languages with each other, supplying or completing with the one whatever, from their limited point of view, is wanting in the other. Once for all and for ever, it is an indisputable fact that *where human speech ends musical utterance begins*. Nothing is more intolerable than the absurd pictures and histories that some people establish as the foundation of instrumental music. What poverty of soul and feeling does it betray when one of the audience, at the performance of a Beethoven Symphony, is unable to keep up his interest but by picturing to himself the incidents of some narrative as carried on throughout the musical effusion! Such people often find occasion to complain of the great master when some unexpected turn in the music destroys the orderly sequence of their history. They accuse the composer of obscurity and want of finish, complaining that he fails in coherence of narrative. Oh, the blockheads!"

"Well, well," said I; "do allow everyone, according to the suggestions of his more or less vivid imagination, to create these pictures and histories, by which means alone, perhaps, he is able to appreciate those great musical revelations, and without which so many would be incapable, even after their own fashion, of enjoying them. Anyhow, you must confess that in this way the number of Beethoven's admirers has been considerably increased; ay—that we may hope the works of the great master will thus achieve a popularity which would have been impossible for them were they comprehensible in an ideal sense only."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed R., "do you claim even for these noblest efforts of art the vulgar popularity that is the bane of everything great and lovely? Do you claim for *these* such an honour as that common people shall dance to the inspired rhythm in a village tavern?"

"You are exaggerating," I answered quietly; "I do not desire the popularity of streets and taverns for Beethoven's symphonies. But should you not consider it something gained did they cause the heart-blood of the narrow-minded, grovelling man of the world to flow in a happier stream?"

"These symphonies should have nothing to 'gain,'" said my friend angrily; "they are there of their own accord and on their own account—not that they may set a Philistine's blood going. Let him who is able benefit therefrom to his own salvation; but *they* are not called upon to force themselves into cold hearts."

"You are a tiresome fellow, and won't understand me, though we are driving at one and the same idea. Meanwhile, let us put the popularity question aside, and do you be kind enough to tell me what your sensations were while listening to these two symphonies."

The passing cloud which temporary vexation had chased across my friend's forehead cleared away, and gazing at the steam emanating from the hot punch, he smiled.

"My sensations! I felt the gentle warmth of a glorious spring evening. I fancied I was sitting under a great oak-tree, gazing up between the branches at the starry heaven. I felt a thousand other things I cannot describe. You have it now!"

"Not so bad," said I, "seeing that perhaps one of our neighbours was conscious of nothing more elevated than smoking a cigar, drinking coffee, and making eyes at a young lady in a blue dress."

"Very likely," replied R. sarcastically; "and perhaps the big drum felt as if he was flogging his good-for-nothing little wretches, who had not yet brought him his evening crust out of the town. Capital! At the entrance of the gardens I noticed a peasant who was listening full

of joy and wonder to the A Major Symphony. I'd lay my head this fellow was more on the right track than all of us put together; for not long ago you might have read in one of our musical papers that Beethoven's sole object in composing this symphony was to depict a rural wedding. So of course the worthy labourer, instantly reminded of his own wedding, was going over all the events of that day in imagination: for instance, the arrival of the guests and the banquet; then the going to church and the blessing; then the dance; and last, but not least, what the bride and bridegroom reserved for themselves."

"The idea is excellent," cried I, laughing. "But tell me now, for heaven's sake, why you wish to prevent the good man deriving an hour's happiness after his own heart from this symphony? Did not *he* enjoy it every bit as much as *you* who were sitting under the oak, gazing at the stars?"

"I give in," said my friend good-naturedly. "I will allow the good peasant to recall his wedding-day and all its happy incidents upon hearing the A Major Symphony. But as for those educated citizens who write for newspapers, I could tear the hair off their empty heads when I find them putting such stuff before worthy people, robbing them, before the thing begins, of all the unprejudiced impartial sentiments with which they would otherwise have listened to a Beethoven symphony. Instead of giving full play to their natural feelings, the poor creatures find themselves endeavouring, with full hearts but bewildered heads, to follow the details of a rural wedding—a sight they have perhaps never witnessed—when otherwise they would probably have been picturing to themselves with much delight something that lay more within the sphere of their own imagination."

"Come, come," I replied, "you must allow that the nature of these works does not prevent different interpretations being given them by different individuals."

"On the contrary," said R., "I consider any one single stereotyped conception quite inadmissible. To a lofty mind, the proportions of a Beethoven symphony are so perfect, so definite, so artistic, that there is no one form of embodying the action of that symphony. It is more or less the same case with the productions of other arts. In how many different ways may one and the same picture, one and the same drama, operate upon different individuals, and even at various times upon one and the same individual. And with how much more definite an outline must a painter or a poet sketch his figures than the instrumental composer, who is not obliged to fashion his images upon every-day patterns; who has an unlimited command in super-terrestrial kingdoms; and whose material is the most spiritual of all material—sound. You are lowering the musician's high standard when you would force him to adapt his inspiration to what he sees in the work-a-day world; and the composer who drags puny terrestrial objects into the pure region of his art is mistaking his vocation, and displaying his littleness in the light of day."

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM SONDERSHAUSEN.

September, 1877.

"IN the annals of the musical art which, some day, will serve the historian of it as a chief source, a survey of what is done for music in smaller places may perhaps now and then find a place, even though it may not directly affect the main history of the cultivation of the art, but act beneficently only on the spot itself." Thus wrote the great musical lexicographer, E. L. Gerber, a citizen of Sondershausen, in 1809, to the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*; and now

after sixty-eight years, these words may once more open an account of the musical doings of that place. But I do not use them apologetically. The subject is interesting and instructive enough—especially for English readers—to make excuses for introducing it unnecessary. For not only the future historian, but also the present social and artistic reformer—indeed, every earnest man, who has the well-being of his fellow-men and the advancement of the art at heart—will find therein matter for thought and active work. A town of a few thousand inhabitants possessing an orchestra able to cope with the best in Europe—and, during the summer months, twice every Sunday enjoying gratis the excellent concerts given by it—is something not to be found in every country, nor often found in any country. The reader, I hope, will not take it amiss, if I remind him that Sondershausen is the capital of the small principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, as this fact explains how it is that so small a place possesses such a great treasure; and the very existence of the dominion in question may possibly be unknown to, or forgotten by, many a well-educated Briton. In short, the orchestra is a court-orchestra, and paid partly out of the prince's private purse, partly out of the public Treasury. Whoever wishes to become acquainted with the court-orchestras of the small principalities must be quick, for these institutions—which are so characteristic of the musical life of Germany, and have done so much to foster the German genius and love for music—will, before long, be things of the past. Many have disappeared already, and the rest will disappear with the sovereignty of their august protectors; and who doubts that their days of power are numbered?

The birth and growth of the Sondershausen orchestra would be a story worth telling, had I only time for it. Gerber says "the Prince" (meaning the late mighty ruler of all the Schwarzburg-Sondershäuser) "keeps no private band" (*keine Kapelle*), "but, as a lover of music for wind instruments (*Harmónie-musik*) and a connoisseur of them, he keeps in his guard a band (*Hoboisten-chor*) of twelve excellent musicians, of whom few have completed their twenty-eighth year." This band, which was under the leadership of the celebrated clarinet virtuoso, Hermstedt, consisted of two clarinets, two oboes, two bassoons, two trumpets, two horns, one bass-horn (serpent), and one trombone. At times the twelve were reinforced by musicians from other bands and by amateurs; and after many changes and developments, amalgamations and consolidations, there resulted at last the present compact and full orchestra. The many anecdotes still in the mouths of the people about the prince, officials, conductors, and musicians, give one a glimpse into what seems to be quite another world, so widely differ the life and manners of that time from ours. Take, for instance, this picture. In a pretty little theatre, in front of the audience, sits the prince (the late prince, during whose reign the admission to the theatre was still free to all comers; whereas now a seat in the boxes has to be bought at the exorbitant price of ninepence), smoking his pipe, while listening, perhaps, to one of the masterpieces of the great dramatists—maybe, interrupting Wallenstein in his fine monologue by the request to sing a song. And between the acts, the honest burghers take out their frugal supper, a bit of sausage or cheese (very likely *Zwiebelwurst* or *Kuhkäse*) and bread, with a draught of beer, or some fruit, of which there is such abundance in the country. I should not wonder if you would think this the wild product of a somewhat too lively imagination; but there you would be wrong. Reality is stranger than the strangest human imaginations; only keep your eyes open, and you will see. But times have

changed; these things can no longer happen, although they have happened at a time so little remote from ours. Enough of the past; let us now see what is done in the present. It, too, offers something to wonder and to rejoice at.

What a strange sight is presented by these open-air concerts! where high state officials, officers, professors, shopkeepers, and artisans, ladies and servant maids, gather in fine weather from far and near to hear the best compositions of our, as well as of former times; the appearance of the prince, as the clock strikes half-past three, giving the signal for the commencement. In the evening, at eight o'clock, there is a concert of a lighter description, consisting of operatic and dance music, which attracts a still larger audience, filling the whole of the large illuminated square; some of them sitting on the benches in front of the orchestra, others walking about and conversing. In the wings of the structure where the orchestra plays, there are refreshment-rooms, where wine, beer, coffee, chocolate, cake, &c., can be had. But I don't think that they are much used, and am certain that they are not abused. Would not sabbatarians and the advocates of teetotalism do well to take note of how quietly, happily, and, I venture to say, profitably, these people enjoy those innocent pleasures?

The place where these concerts are held is called the *Loh*. Although, as in the constitution of the band, so also changes have been made in the appearance of the place, its principal features are still as they were in Gerber's time. He described the *Loh* as "a dense beech and oak wood which, toward the north and west, covers the declivity of the hill on which the castle of the prince stands. Through both sides of the wood, two broad avenues lead from the castle gradually downwards to the valley of the Wipper, into a large oblong square, which was originally the shooting-place for the Court. Immediately on entering this square, one sees, leaning against the hill, a highly-vaulted niche for the musicians, its open side towards the square."

The present conductor of the orchestra is Herr Erdmannsdörfer, who succeeded Max Bruch four or five years ago. Sondershausen, except under the latter gentleman's reign, was always a stronghold of the Liszt, Berlioz, and new German school generally. Herr Erdmannsdörfer, a pupil (the orthodox call him "a degenerated one") of the Leipzig Conservatoire, although, far from being one-sided—as the many programmes containing only works of the Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven period, or of living composers who adhere to the traditions of the past, such as Lachner, Rietz, &c., testify—does not hide his predilection for the more advanced schools and the more ardent spirits. The execution of the compositions of the latter is a speciality of the orchestra; one hardly recognises it as the same when, after playing Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, it begins Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner, Rubinstein, Raff, &c. During my stay in Sondershausen, I heard two works of Liszt's—"Episodes from Lenau's Faust," and "*Les Préludes*" (one of the symphonic poems); two of Berlioz—the overture to *King Lear*, and the "*Symphonie fantastique*," one of Rubinstein's—the "Ocean" symphony, with the new movements. And I must say that the performance of these works was in the highest degree praiseworthy; and also, that Herr Erdmannsdörfer showed himself a painstaking, judicious, and energetic conductor. But what advantages does he enjoy! The orchestra is at his disposal at any time. There are regularly four or five rehearsals in every week, each lasting from three to four hours. And for a man who, like Herr Erdmannsdörfer, knows how to make use

of his time, and with a band of clever musicians, many of whom are virtuosi of no mean order, four hours is a great deal. I have spent many an agreeable hour in the neighbourhood of the place where the rehearsals are held. The sunlit park; the pavilion from which proceeded the music; on the stone steps leading up to it some fair damsels (strangers to the place: no other supposition could explain the boldness of their proceeding), in bright summer dresses, picturesquely grouped; the adjoining house all overgrown with leaves and flowers; and here and there some native figures lounging on the benches in the shade of the trees—make a picture which will not easily be forgotten by me.

But the orchestra, though excellent, is not all excellence. The conformity of pitch among the instruments is, at times, far from being perfect; and the frequent playing in the open air seems not without influence on the orchestra. Every Sunday some one of the orchestra comes forward as soloist. Of those I heard, I name only Herr *Concertmeister* Petri and Herr Wihan—the former violinist and pupil of Joachim, the latter violoncellist and pupil of the Prague Music School. Petri—who made last year his *début* in London—has an excellent technique and a pure and noble tone. His playing of the adagio from Joachim's Hungarian concerto, and Spohr's concerto in B minor for two violins (with Herr Schuster) was admirable. Herr Wihan has a powerful tone, and plays with *aplomb*. From him I heard the difficult concerto by Molique, and some pieces by Popper. A horn-solo ought to be mentioned, as well for the sake of the player (Herr Bauer) as for the sake of the composition played (the lovely concerto in E flat major by Mozart).

Some of the above-mentioned solos for violin and for violoncello did not form part of the *Loh* concerts, but were given at the second and third of three *matinées* which took place, on the 5th of August and 2nd of September, at the house of Herr and Madame Erdmannsdörfer. These *matinées* brought many interesting works; among others, Rubinstein's 2nd Sonata (Op. 39), for piano and cello; his sonata (Op. 19) for piano and violin; Raff's Quartett (Op. 202) for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello; Saint-Saën's variations for two pianos. Besides the concerted works, the programmes contained pianoforte solos by Raff and Chopin, played by Madame Erdmannsdörfer with a well-developed technique and great warmth. She is a pupil of Liszt's. Herr Erdmannsdörfer also distinguished himself by the musician-like execution of the pianoforte parts of the quartetts and in the duets for two pianos. In the quartetts and trios, &c., the players did not always come up to my ideal of *ensemble*-playing. Admirable as the performance of the various works was, it lacked that complete subordination of the individual to the whole, that full sympathy and mutual understanding, that last degree of exquisite refinement in tone and manner so desirable in the performance of chamber-music. But for all that, I do not wish to speak slightly of their playing; and I would not have spoken thus, were it not that I spoke of young artists of great talent and merit, of whom much may justly be demanded, and from whose earnest striving the attainment of the highest may be expected.

Before I close this letter, I must say a few words about the performance of an overture (at the *Loh*-concert on the 2nd of September) by A. C. Mackenzie, a Scotchman, who begins to make himself a name as a composer. How is it that this composition was not first heard in England? Is it because the market is overstocked with native produce? The badness of the work cannot be the reason, for it has been brought to a hearing by a

conductor who is very particular in the selection for his programmes, has been studied here with great care and interest, and was received with applause. Indeed, the workmanship is truly musician-like, and the instrumentation very good. I own a special liking for the charming second subject; but throughout the overture, one meets with piquant orchestral effects and ingenious combinations. Let the work be recommended to British conductors.

At the end of this month there will be two concerts, one consisting wholly of compositions by Rubinstein, the other of compositions by Raff. Weather and other circumstances permitting, as the shippers say, I shall send you an account of them. Till then, good-bye!

F. M. N. PEREGRINUS.

Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC IN NORTH GERMANY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, September, 1877.

TO-DAY it is our painful duty to report the death of the great musician, Music-director Dr. Julius Rietz. On the 8th inst. he was seized with a fit, from which he never recovered consciousness, and died on the 12th. His death is a great loss to the musical world. Rietz was born at Berlin on the 28th December, 1812. He was the second son of the tenor player Rietz, a member of the Berlin Hofcapelle. His elder brother, Edward, who died at an early age, and is mentioned by Mendelssohn in his "Reisebriefe" as the most intimate friend of his youth, had the greatest influence on the career of his younger brother. Julius Rietz first devoted himself to the violoncello, and at the early age of sixteen obtained an appointment in the Royal Kapelle. In the year 1834, Mendelssohn appointed him Music-director at Düsseldorf, where he proved himself an excellent conductor both of opera and concerts. In 1847 he went to Leipzig, where he conducted the Gewandhaus-concerts, the theatre, the singing academy, and the Männergesangverein, and at the same time filled the post of professor of harmony at the Conservatorium. At the Schiller-Festival the title of Doctor was bestowed upon him by the University of Leipzig. On the 1st of April, 1860, he began his duties as Hof-Kapellmeister at Dresden.

Rietz was of a noble and earnest disposition. His numerous compositions for orchestra, chorus, and solo instruments all bear the stamp of his aspirations for ideal art. With a complete power over all technicalities in instrumentation, he possessed the highest intelligence in his art. Some of the most renowned of his compositions are: the Festouverture (A major), the 3rd Symphony (E flat major), the Dithyrambe for male chorus and orchestra, and "Geistliche und weltliche Lieder," for one and more voices. Less known are his operas, *Feri und Bätely*, *Georg Neumark*, and *Der Corsar*. Rietz was one of the ablest of conductors, and was frequently entrusted with the management of the great music festivals. He was, however, not only great in music, but also proficient in many other sciences. He will never be forgotten by his numerous friends and pupils. *Sit illi terra levis!*

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, September 12th, 1877.

THE Hofoper was re-opened on the 16th of August, and on September 1st two other theatres—the Burg and the Stadt Theatre. The latter, which last year produced *Antigone*, and a year back *Athalie*, both with Mendelssohn's music, has continued in a similar way with Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, of course again illustrated by Mendelssohn. Another theatre, that "an der Wien" (suburb Wieden), which was

closed in spring, has overcome every mischance, and will open with a new direction and a new company; and even the ill-fated *Komische Oper*, our "sick man," is again, for the sixth or eighth time, on the point of revival. Both theatres deal in operettas; and as also the Carl Theatre, the only one which was open during the summer, has furnished a stock of new operettas, we look for a real surfeit of such amusements. The Hofoper began, as it did last year, with Wagner: *Lohengrin* being the first opera performed. *Aida* followed, and among the more important operas *Königin von Saba*, *Hugenotten*, *Afrikanerin*, *Tannhäuser*, *Profet*, and *Robert*. Furthermore, a great step, *Die Walküre*, in order to prepare singers, orchestra, as well as the audience for *Das Rheingold*, which, it is said, will inaugurate the coming year. We have had a new singer—Frl. Antonie Mielke—who is destined to replace Frau Wilt on her leaving Vienna next February. Frl. Mielke performed Valentine and Elizabeth (*Tannhäuser*), and is said to have a full sympathetic voice, but to be a slave to tremulo; some find her wanting in warmth and dramatic feeling, and that she is but a beginner in the art of acting. The latter cannot be a reproach, as she has never before set foot upon any stage. The critics have expressed various opinions. Having been absent from Vienna, I can only repeat what I have read and heard. Frl. Mielke has, however, repeated Valentine, but has not been engaged for the present. The next *Gast* will be Frl. Widl, whom we often heard in concerts last winter; her voice, as also her figure, are destined by nature for the stage. The next novelty, an opera by Brüll, will be performed in a few weeks: its title is *Der Landfride*; the libretto, based upon a nice comedy by Bauernfeld, being by the late Mosenthal. Meantime it has been rumoured that Hans Richter, our first Kapellmeister, is inclined to leave Vienna to become director of the Hoftheater at Hanover, and that Otto Dessoff endeavours to regain his former post by giving up his life-long engagement in Carlsruhe. Both, I think, will stay for a good while at their posts.

Operas performed from August 16th to September 12th:—*Lohengrin*, *Aida* (twice), *Troubadour*, *Tell*, *Hernani*, *Faust*, *Königin von Saba*, *Hugenotten* (twice), *Freischütz*, *Afrikanerin*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Mignon*, *Profet*, *Goldene Kreuz*, *Robert*, *Walküre*, *Oberon*, *Judin*, *Fliegende Holländer*, *Die weisse Frau*.

There is just room enough to touch upon a matter which I have intended long ago to bring into question, namely: Is it not inconvenient that the fingering of pianoforte music differs in the German and English editions? Many of the English editions, useful as they are, cannot be used in Germany, and are therefore a constant loss to the English music-sellers; on the contrary, German editions used in England are the terror of pupils and dilettanti, who often at the same time are obliged to use both editions. Would it not be liberal for one side to give up a practice which there is really no reason to continue? If we ask a very simple question, "How many fingers has each hand?" every child would say "Five." Why then the + and 1, 2, 3, 4? (The Danish even have another sign for the thumb, o). For England it would make little difference to adopt the German custom, whereas no one would expect that Germany and the other countries representing the greater stock of music, would agree to a change. You will say, "What shall become of all the music printed in England?" Well, it can be used as before as long as there is a demand for it, but for new editions it would certainly be an advantage to make them general by accepting those signs which have been in use since the time that printed music has existed altogether. This is but a proposal which I allow myself; the field is now open for *pro* and *contra*. There was a time when we also used the soprano instead of the treble-clef. Perhaps fingering also will some day be simplified; pupils and teachers at least would be glad to suffer one plague less.

Correspondence.

ADOLPHE NOURRIT.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—In the translation of Dr. Schuch's paper on Chopin there is quoted a sketch, by Liszt, of Chopin's friends in the Chaussee d'Antin—among them Adolphe Nourrit, "the noble artist, passionate yet ascetic."

Haweis, in his "Music and Morals" (page 297), draws on the same sketch, but leaves no doubt as to what branch of art A. Nourrit followed, by saying, "He refused to paint any subject, which was wanting in true dignity."

Now, I can find mention of no French painter named Adolphe Nourrit, only the celebrated tenor singer of the French Opera, of that name, who in a fit of jealous despair committed suicide, and who occasionally sketched in water-colours (I am told), but was not an artist in the sense of being a painter. Has Haweis made one of his numerous slips here, or were there really two A. Nourrits? Is it the opera-singer who is referred to? From what I know of his character, he could hardly be termed "noble and ascetic," with "something of the grandeur of the Middle Ages about him."

I shall be much obliged if you will kindly decide this question.

M.M.T.

[The entire paragraph drawn upon runs as follows in M. Walker Cook's translation of Liszt's "Chopin":—"Adolphe Nourrit, a noble artist, at once ascetic and passionate, was also there. He was a sincere, almost a devout Catholic, dreaming of the future with the fervour of the Middle Ages, who, during the latter part of his life, refused the assistance of his talent to any scene of merely superficial sentiment. He served Art with a high and enthusiastic respect; he considered it, in all its divers manifestations, only a holy tabernacle, 'the Beauty of which formed the splendour of the True.' Already undermined by a melancholy passion for the Beautiful, his brow seemed to be turning into stone under the dominion of this haunting feeling—a feeling always explained by the outbreak of despair, too late for remedy from man—man, alas! so eager to explore the secrets of the heart, so dull to divine them!"

Whether there were two Adolphe Nourrits, contemporaries of Chopin, we cannot say with certainty; but it seems clear, from the concluding clause of the above, that it is the great tenor singer who committed suicide that is here alluded to by Liszt.—Ed.M.M.R.]

Reviews.

Music and Musicians. Essays and Criticisms. By ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, edited, and annotated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. London: William Reeves.

"MUSIC AND MUSICIANS" is the title under which a selection of the most important of Schumann's musical essays and criticisms has been issued in an English dress by Mrs. Ritter, the wife of Herr F. L. Ritter, Professor of Music at Vassar College, New York. The task of collecting his literary writings and arranging them for re-publication was one of the last of Schumann's active life, while he was still in possession of his mental powers, and before his removal to an asylum at Endenich, near Bonn. Under the title "Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker" they appeared in four volumes at the beginning of 1854. More than one of these essays originally appeared in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, but the greater number of them were contributed to the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, a musical journal founded and edited by Schumann. How this was originated is best told in Schumann's own words:—"Towards the end of the year 1833, a number of musicians—most of them young—met together, as though by accident, every evening in Leipzig; these meetings were partly the result of a desire for social intercourse, as well as for the exchange of ideas in regard to that art which was the meat and drink of life to them—music. The musical situation was not then very encouraging in Germany. On the stage Rossini reigned; at the pianoforte nothing was heard but Herz and Hünten; and yet but a few years had passed since Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert had lived among us. It is true that Mendelssohn's star was ascending, and wonderful things were related of Chopin, but the deeper influence of these only declared itself afterwards. Then one day the thought awakened in a wild young heart, 'Let us not look on idly; let us also lend our aid to progress; let us bring again the poetry of art to honour among men!'" Thus it was that the first sheets of the *Neue Zeitschrift* came to be printed. For ten years Schumann fulfilled the duties of editor and principal contributor.

At the close of an interesting biographical notice of Schumann, with which Mrs. Ritter has prefaced her volume of translations, she tells us that the idea of translating Schumann's collected

writings was suggested to her by Mme. Schumann, who we are glad to learn, from a letter addressed to Mrs. Ritter in 1871, has long been occupied with the plan of a new and correct biography of Schumann, those by Wasielewsky, Reissmann, and others being wanting in many particulars and partially incorrect. Having completed the laborious but interesting task of translating Schumann's entire collection of essays and reviews, as arranged by himself, Mrs. Ritter was naturally desirous of publishing them in full in the precise chronological order in which they were published by Schumann. But here she was met with the inevitable question which always arises when musical art is concerned: Will it pay? Acting under advice, she therefore decided upon publishing at first only a selection from Schumann's collection, consisting of about half the entire work, to be followed, as she promises, in due course by the remainder.

With a good many of the articles here presented musical readers in England must be already familiar, through the admirable translations of them by M. E. von G., put forth some twelve years ago in the now defunct *Shilling Magazine*, and subsequently reprinted in the *Musical World*. In concert programme books, too, they have frequently done duty. Who, on many occasions of listening to Schubert's great symphony in C, has not at the same time read Schumann's eloquent account of his discovering the manuscript in Vienna and of its first performance at Leipzig under Mendelssohn, to whom he sent it? Who, too, on many occasions of listening to a work by Brahms at a Monday Popular Concert, has not been struck with the precision displayed by Schumann in his oft-quoted article upon this composer—one, by-the-by, which is not included in Mrs. Ritter's selection? Of Schumann it may certainly be said that his merits as a musical critic were recognised in England before his worth as a composer was acknowledged. In Germany, too, some of his admirers have maintained that he has served the world even more as an art-critic than as a composer. But such an assertion, as Mrs. Ritter justly remarks, goes far beyond the truth. Happily at this date Schumann stands in no need of an advocate to support his claims either as a critic or as a composer. That battle has long ago been fought and won—thanks to the strenuous efforts of those, both critics and conductors, who, recognising his extraordinary merit, have bravely stood forward to maintain his cause against all opponents. A disquisition upon the value of Schumann's labour as an art-critic seems quite uncalled for at the present date. Suffice it to say that it can hardly be over-estimated, and that his writings are as interesting and instructive at the present as they were when they were first penned.

Though we cannot but admire the zeal and enthusiasm for Schumann which prompted Mrs. Ritter to make his writings accessible to English and American readers, we regret that we cannot compliment her so warmly as we could have desired upon the literary excellence of her translation, which is marred by several palpable errors, and suffers from a general baldness of style which but faintly reflects the boldness and vigorous terseness of Schumann's original diction. We confess, too, to feeling a sort of patriotic jealousy at it having been reserved for an American authoress to put forth these Schumann articles in a goodly volume, as well as regret that no English publisher should have been found to encourage M. E. von G. to complete the translation of Schumann's writings so successfully begun some twelve years ago. But we can hardly feel surprise at this, when we consider the small estimation in which works upon musical subjects are held by English publishers, coupled with the acknowledged fact that in America a great many more books are published, not in the hope of their proving remunerative, but simply because they ought to be given to the world, than is the case with us. Now that a publisher has arisen among us who makes the publication of works upon musical subjects his speciality, it is to be hoped that a change for the better may be looked for, though this may not be realised until he has reprinted all that the American market so readily supplies. In the meantime, and until a better translation of Schumann's works makes its appearance, we must be content with that put forth by Mrs. Ritter, welcoming it, as we do, as giving the substance of Schumann's utterances, though lacking their spirit.

Proceedings of the Musical Association for the investigation and discussion of subjects connected with the Art and Science of Music. Third Session, 1876—77. London: Chappell & Co.

IN addition to the usual business matters relating to the management and finance of the association, showing that it is still flourishing and prosperous, the volume of the proceedings includes the text of the several papers read at the monthly meetings, and the discussions arising out of the same. The first section concerns and possesses interest for the members and supporters of the association only; the second has the best claim upon public attention, as showing how and in what manner the body of eminent scientific and practical musicians employ the opportunities afforded by the meetings to state and ventilate their peculiar views upon the many branches of musical art and science within their ken. The feeling forced upon the mind of the outside spectator after reading the proceedings is one of disappointment. With one or two exceptions the papers read have been of no practical value, and the discussions following have shown that the various debaters have been more careful to ventilate their own particular "fads" or hobbies, than to add to the experiences given by the readers of the papers. For example, in the trenchant and forcible paper on "Music in Cathedrals," read by Mr. Barrett, the discussion appears to be childish as a whole, and so irrelevant to the matter in hand, that the subject of pitch is dragged in apropos of nothing. After an excellent paper on Bach's "Art of Fugue," the discussion proves the members to be ignorant of the principles of their art, for none of them could agree as to the proper construction of a tonal fugue. Again, the conversation after the reading of a paper on "Henry Purcell," by Mr. Cummings, must have made the reader think that his brother musicians were oblivious of the incidents in the life and career of a musician they all profess to admire.

The paper on "The Gymnastic Training of the Hand for Performing on Keyed Instruments," by Mr. S. S. Stratton, is the best among the speculative subjects; but, as hitherto, an unnecessary prominence is given to the authors of purely mathematical papers of no value whatever to the practical musician. Mr. Stratton expressed his hope that the association might one day "become the Parliament of musicians," a hope which all who desire unity among the professors will readily share. It can only become so if the members themselves discuss such questions as may become useful to themselves, and having some degree of interest for the outer world whom they design to influence by their learning or projected views. At present the parallel between the Musical Association and Parliament is not altogether inappropriate, for each suffers from the hindrance to business of progressive value by the placid interference of obstructives.

Life's Pilgrimage (Erdenwallen) Op. 9; *Siciliano*; and *Grande Marche Solennelle*, pour Piano. Par EDOUARD ROMMEL. Augener & Co.

HERE are three works by a composer whose name comes before us for the first time, and of whose antecedents, nationality, and age we have no certain information. His manner of writing his names is no certain clue to his nationality. "Edouard" looks like French; "Rommel" is decidedly German. As to his age, we can only guess from the low "Opus" number attached to the first of the pieces before us that he is still young. But whatever his nationality, his compositions unmistakably point to German training and to strong sympathies with the modern German school to which Schumann gave such an impetus; and whatever his age, the practised hand of the musician who has attained facility in expressing himself with fluency and correctness is clearly apparent. "Life's Pilgrimage" consists of a series of five short pieces, entitled, (1) "Buoyant Youth," (2) "Tender Love," (3) "Impatience," (4) "Wedding at the Village Inn," and (5) "Happy Hours"—superscriptions which, we think, are rather to be regarded as distinctive titles than as indicative of the poetical contents of the pieces with which they are allied. Though more strongly marked with the characteristic traits of a "school" than bespeaking individuality on the part of their

composer, all five of these pieces are well written and may fairly be regarded as respectable contributions to the better kind of drawing-room music. The "Siciliano," to which the frequent use of augmented seconds imparts a distinctive character, though slight in texture, is quaint, graceful, and pleasing. Of these three works of M. Rommel's the palm of excellence is, however, due to the "Marche Solennelle," which, though contained within the limits of the orthodox march form, far more strongly than either of the others bears the impress of originality of style and independence of thought. Perhaps this is in part due to the nature of the subject—to many minds a far more inspiring one than either of the every-day fancies and situations which, as detailed above, our composer has ostensibly sought to illustrate. Still, to have so well succeeded in discovering the appropriate material for so well-worn a theme as that of a solemn march without encroaching too closely upon the efforts of his predecessors is much to M. Rommel's credit. From the composer who has achieved this much more may be expected. We do not know whether this march was originally designed for the orchestra or not. Though lying comfortably for, and effective upon, the pianoforte, there are certain passages in it which seem to cry out for the orchestra to give them their full force and significance. It should certainly, therefore, be arranged for orchestra, if this has not already been done.

The Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor." By OTTO NICOLAI. Transcribed for the Pianoforte (Solo and Duet) by E. PAUER. London: Augener & Co.

THAT the late Otto Nicolai's best opera, *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor* (founded upon Shakespeare's play, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*), which, since its production in Berlin in 1849, has always been a favourite in Germany, should not have been heard again in England since it was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1864, until its revival during the past season at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, to say the least, seems surprising. In the meantime, and indeed before the opera was heard at Her Majesty's Theatre, the overture has been a popular one at our best orchestral concerts and festivals. In view of its being again brought to the fore by the recent revival of the opera to which it belongs, it was a happy thought on the part of Herr Pauer to make it more generally accessible by issuing pianoforte arrangements of it, both for two and four hands. In both forms it will be found an acceptable addition to the long list of overtures, &c., which Herr Pauer has treated in a similar way.

Valse and Bourrée, from the Music to the Masque in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. London: Cramer & Co.

DR. SULLIVAN'S music, originally written for the revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, in 1871, has long been accessible in the form of a four-handed pianoforte arrangement. Two of its most lively movements, as specified above, have more recently been arranged as pianoforte solos by J. Rummel, we presume, with the sanction and under the supervision of their composer. To those who have pleasant reminiscences of this music of Dr. Sullivan's, either at concerts or in association with stage performances of Shakespeare's play, these arrangements for a single pair of hands cannot but prove welcome.

Swedish Wedding March. By A. SÖDERMANN. Transcribed by E. W. RITTER for (1) Pianoforte Solo; (2) Easy Edition; and (3) Pianoforte Duet. London: Augener & Co.

NATIONAL tunes, as a rule, have these characteristics: that being easily caught up they take a firm hold upon the common people, and at the same time are generally worthy the attention of musicians. But a tune cannot be regarded as national until it has been proved by its continued existence that it has those qualities which will enable it to live. As to the age and history of the tune before us we have no certain information, and feel loth, therefore, to hazard a guess as to whether its

popularity will prove ephemeral or lasting. But we have no hesitation in asserting that it possesses an instinctive freshness, and a quaintness of charm, which cannot fail to commend it to many. It should be added that the fact of an "easy" arrangement being published need not scare players from attacking the more difficult. This, indeed, is thoroughly unpretentious, and comes within the range of players of very moderate attainments.

Six Instructive Sonatinas for the Pianoforte. By A. LOESCHHORN. Augener & Co.

IT might be inferred from the title that these six little compositions were designed to be progressive in the order of their numbering. This is scarcely the case, as there are many young players who would find the first number of greater difficulty than the last, and the fourth less easy than the fifth. Their instructive character arises from the excellent, yet quiet and unobtrusive, manner in which certain technical difficulties likely to beset the pupil in the course of study are, as it were, suggested and rendered easy. This is not all which can be said in favour of the Sonatinas, for independently of their special interest as instructive pieces, their construction forming no inconsiderable item in their educational value, there is a distinct musicianly character in each which will secure them a welcome from the more expert musician. The melodies are bright and pleasing, and the harmonies, though a little after the manner of Spohr, are none the less interesting, but are even fascinating. Each number in the series is beautifully and legibly printed, and the fingering is marked according to the English method.

In the 17th bar on page 5 of No. 6, there is an obvious misprint, for the second bass note should be A, and not G as it stands at present.

Teachers requiring easy and interesting pieces, such as would lead the hand and form the taste of young players, can scarcely do better than make a speedy acquaintance with the "Six Instructive Sonatinas" of A. Loeschhorn.

Furewell ("Wanderlied"). By R. SCHUMANN. Transcribed for the Pianoforte by A. LOESCHHORN. London: Augener & Co.

UNLIKE the usual character of "transcriptions," in which a selected melody is often made the means for the display of a set of passages peculiar to the transcriber, the author of this arrangement has apparently striven to reproduce the manner of the composer, and has, on the whole, succeeded so well that had the work been announced as by the original composer of the melody, only those would have challenged the statement who knew that Schumann had not accomplished the task.

Six Minuets. By LUIGI BOCCHERINI (1740—1805). Selected, arranged, and revised by E. PAUER. London: Augener & Co.

THE chief charm in these minuets is the happy union of rhythm with melody. For these qualities Herr Pauer has done well in presenting them in a form likely to be welcome to a modern audience; his own share of the task will make them acceptable. The majority of the minuets written for a combination of stringed instruments are not likely to be heard in their original form, for the works of which they form part, although deservedly popular in their day, have been superseded by the productions of later composers. They are, all things considered, better than modern imitations of these and other old dance melodies, as possessing more of the spirit of the time when they were commonly popular as actual dances, a thing almost impossible at a date when the dances have become simply historical.

Cinq Portraits de Femmes. Suite pour Piano, par ALEX. S. BEAUMONT. Op. 6. London: Augener & Co.

THE idea of distinguishing the five movements of a suite in the ancient style by calling them by five female names is somewhat in the vein of Couperin le Grand. The attributes of the several names are in some sort shadowed out in the character of the

piece assigned to each. Thus, to Anna a pastorelle, to Barbie a gigue, to Amy a bourrée, to Mathilde a menuet, and to Gisella a concluding piece of an erratic nature, would seem to imply that the signification of each name is borne out by the character of the several owners, if the style of the music be taken as "female portraits" as the title implies. As music the suite will find many admirers, for while it possesses the piquancy of an antique composition, it also has sufficient modern spice to distinguish the composer as no mere servile imitator of old-world forms.

Gedenblätter und Tonbilder. Von L. SAMSON. London: Witt & Co.

THE first-named of these two series of Clavierstücke, consisting of short compositions, whose nature may be gathered from the fanciful titles given to each, as (1) Schlummerndes Kind; (2) Nordisch; (3) Liebesahnung; (4) Iphigenie; (5) Orchydee; (6) Auf der Reise; (7) Beim Tanz, are agreeably written as a general rule, though marked by one or two peculiarities, which in a clever and established writer, who had earned the privilege of speaking and being heard with attention, would be regarded as eccentricities at the least, and in a less famed author either as arising from a *lâpres colami* or as wilful perversions of good grammar. Thus the harmonies in the 12th bar of the first piece, in the coda of the second, between the 22nd and 23rd bars of the third, in the 17th and three succeeding bars of the fourth, in the 13th bar of the fifth, between the 21st and 22nd bars of the sixth, and in several places too numerous to particularise in the seventh, are novel and daring, because forbidden by every work on harmony.

In the *Tonbilder*, which may be said *en passant* to be the better group of the two selections, there is the like disregard of correct grammatical construction, together with the introduction of unnecessary puzzles in rhythm. In this latter regard the invention of a new time-sign, $\frac{3}{4}$, is altogether childishly pedantic, for the pause in the bar succeeding to that in which the new time occurs renders the invention of a *tempo* of one in a bar altogether unnecessary. In other respects the music is pleasing, and would be satisfactory if the composer would only learn to respect rules which are better than his implied amendments.

Allegretto Grazioso, and Nine Sketches, for the Pianoforte. By FRANK FREWER. London: Augener & Co.

THESE pieces are evidently the work of a young composer who, rejoicing in his strength, has not yet learned the necessity of reserving it. In the *Allegretto* this peculiarity, less displayed than in the "Nine Sketches," never amounts to a fault however. There is a nice feeling for melody, an accurate sense of harmony, and above all, a considerable amount of refined taste, which may hereafter become a special characteristic of this young composer when properly controlled.

Souvenir de St. Cloud, Gwendoline, and Canto d'Amore. For Pianoforte. By J. L. ROECKEL. London: Augener & Co.

THE first of these three pieces is in the form of an "air de danse," and the dance such a picturesquely rural one as might have been indulged in by the figures that Lancret, Watteau, or Boucher delighted to portray upon canvas, forming a species of refined rusticity.

In "Gwendoline," an idyl, the pastoral character needful to justify the title is scarcely suggested, though as an effective piece for the pianoforte the composition is worthy of much praise. It is clever, well constructed, and with a certain degree of passion and pathos proper to an idyllic poem, even though that poem be in music alone.

The "Canto d'Amore" is a delicious piece of writing such as is not often met with in modern music. Not the least of the pleasures arising from the performance of this "Liebeslied" is that coming from the simplicity with which the accents of the tender passion are sought to be conveyed by means of music. It is difficult to decide which to admire most, the powerful expression of a happy musical thought, or the grace of the idea. In either case the "Canto d'Amore" is a noteworthy work.

The New Singing Method, an Instruction to Sing from Notes in Proper Time and Tune. By THEODOR GOEBBELS. Book I. London: Reeves. Liverpool: Hime & Son.

THIS little work contains a course of ten lessons to be used with the help of a teacher, and is the first of four parts intended to form a complete whole. Each lesson is in part theoretical, in part practical, and the practical portion is by far the best. This results from the author, a foreigner, being unfamiliar with our English method of talking music; he does *not*, in fact, call the spade a spade, and as a consequence the letterpress is at times very puzzling. But the exercises are undoubtedly valuable, and carefully gone through would teach a great deal in the way of time and tune to singers who have long since regarded their musical education as finished. We see that the edition before us is the second, and we counsel the author, before going to press with a third, to get his instructions put into the particular idiom in which it is customary to talk music in this country; it would add greatly to the value of the work.

Be merciful, my God. Air from the Passion Music according to St. Matthew. By J. S. BACH. London: Augener & Co.

THIS, which forms one of a series of songs with pianoforte and other accompaniments, is an arrangement of one of Bach's most beautiful melodies, hitherto known by means of other words, which will be gladly welcomed by those who desire to have an effective yet comparatively easy arrangement, in which the obligato violin part is also made available for a violoncello, and the accompaniment rendered reasonably easy, though including every contrapuntal effect in the score.

If the other pieces are of equal excellence, the series deserves to meet with a large, as it is certain to obtain an appreciative, patronage.

Drei Lieder, von H. HEINE, für eine Singstimme mit Begleitung des Pianoforte, componirt von A. C. MACKENZIE. Op. 14. (Deutsch und Englisch.) Leipzig: C. F. Kahnt.

IN the April number of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD of the present year, we felt an unusual pleasure in calling attention to "Five Pieces for the Pianoforte," Op. 13, by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, partly because our curiosity respecting this composer had been excited by pleasing reminiscences of a pianoforte quartett by him, introduced on more than one occasion at Mr. Coenen's concerts, and partly because expectation was not disappointed. We have now experienced at least as much pleasure in making acquaintance with his Op. 14, by which Op. 13 has been succeeded. Some of the remarks we made respecting his "Five Pieces for the Pianoforte" apply equally to the three songs before us. In them we meet with a like display of genuine musical and poetical feeling, roundness of form, and exquisiteness of workmanship, accompanied at the same time, we think, with a more strongly pronounced independence of thought, which bids fair to develop into actual individuality of style. The songs of Heine which have here inspired Mr. Mackenzie are (1) "Wenn du mir vorüber wandelst," (2) "Die Wellen blinken," and (3) "Es treibt dich fort." From a purely musical point of view we prefer the first-named, but as remarkably truthful musical illustrations of the poetic text the palm of excellence seems due to the other two.

Three Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Composed, and dedicated to Fräulein Thekla Friedlaender, by CARL LEWY. Augener & Co.

No. 1. "Song of Spring" (*Frühlingslied*).

" 2. "Go to Rest" (*Geh' zur Ruh!*)

" 3. "Bud brightly Blooming" (*Neig' schöne Knospe*).

THAT these three songs form part of the repertoires of three such eminent vocalists as Fräulein Friedlaender, Fräulein Redeker, and Herr Georg Henschel, is a sufficient guarantee that they are not without merit. Though we cannot recall having heard them sung by either of these artists, we have derived considerable satisfaction from a perusal of them. Simple and unpretentious,

but genial and fresh, they can hardly fail to please by the refined and tuneful character of their *cantilènes*; and musicians will discover an interest in the artistic manner in which the accompaniments—remarkable rather for the harmonic changes introduced than for variety of figuration—are laid out, but without ever being overlaid.

Tambourine. Song. Words by F. E. WEATHERLY, M.A.
Music by J. L. MOLLOY. London: Cramer & Co.

MR. MOLLOY'S well-known gift of melody has not deserted him in the present song, which belongs to a somewhat humble domain of art, if to any. A single two-bar phrase, if repeated and imitated, seems to be all that Mr. Molloy requires for the construction of a song, and the artistic design of variety or contrast for each several verse appears either to have escaped his attention or to be ignored by him. It is perhaps for this reason that his melodies have only an ephemeral existence.

Oh! speak but the Word. The Poetry by W. FITZ-NORMAN
ELLIS. The Music by BRINLEY RICHARDS. London:
Cramer & Co.

THE only musical peculiarity of this song lies in the fact that the composer has ingeniously employed a one-bar rhythmical phrase, which is repeated in different notes in every bar throughout the song, including the symphony. The words, belonging to the rapid and colourless school of Haynes Bayley and Mrs. Cornwall Barron Wilson, are in the present age an anachronism.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

From AUGENER and CO.: (*L. Dicker*), "A Christmas Song."
—BOOSEY and CO.: (*Mrs. J. S. Bush*), "The Early Galop."
"Higher, higher," Songs.—CHAPPELL and Co.: (*Mrs. J. S. Bush*), "Launch thy Bark," Song; (*R. F. Harvey*), "Old Ireland's Hearts and Hands," Song.—CRAMER and CO.: (*D. Chassaigne*), "Les Leçons d'Anglais," Chansonette; (*A. D. Duviols*), "Fare thee well," "Roses on the Stream," Songs; (*C. H. R. Marriott*), "Jack's Request," "Oh, chide me not for loving," "Sweet Rosabelle," Songs; (*W. Taubert*), "In distant lands I roam," Song; (*J. R. Thomas*), "The day when you'll forget me,"—CUNINGHAM, BOOSEY, and CO.: (*W. C. Levey*), "O! England, awake!"—W. CZERNY: (*O. Beringer*), "Six Characteristic Pieces;" (*W. Czerny*), "Momens de Loisir," No. 20; (*H. Ketten*), "Berceuse," "Petite Valse."—HALLIFAX and CO.: (*T. A. Willis*), "A Cavalier War Song."—HAMILTON and MULLER, Edinburgh: (*Mrs. C. Berners*), "East Lothian Hunt Waltzes."—HIME and SON, Liverpool: (*C. Garnier*), "Easy Amusements," Nos. 1—12; (*J. E. Mallandaine*), "My Lady Blanche;" (*J. F. Monk*), "The Art Galop."—HODGE and ESSEX: (*E. C. Essex*), "The Roses weep."—HUTCHINGS and ROMER: (*C. Tieset*), "Maritana."—C. JEFFERYS: (*Mrs. W. Johnson*), "Charon's Journey."—NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.: (*C. Cornwall*), "Songs of the Church;" (*G. Langley*), "Helen;" (*A. C. Mackenzie*), "In our Boat;" (*W. H. Thorley*), "Impromptu;" (*T. A. Willis*), "Love's Decree."—F. PITMAN: (*W. Hope*), "Remember now thy Creator."—W. REEVES: (*F. R. Ritter*), "Woman as a Musician;" Penny Melodist, No. 87.—RICORDI: (*G. Verdi*), "Messa da Requiem."—T. ROBB, Newton Stewart: (*T. Robb*), "Galloway Galop."—TURNER and SONS, Manchester: (*P. S. Conroy*), "England's England still."—WEEKES and CO.: (*H. J. Edwards*), "I saw thee weep;" (*H. Millard*), "After;" (*H. C. Nixon*), "Dance Tunes for Little Folks," "Love and Hope;" (*J. D. Power*) "Four Hymns set to Music;" (*H. Wilkes*), "The Skylark."—J. WILLIAMS: (*W. B. Tolputt*), "Method for Pianoforte."—WITT and CO.: (*C. Baronius*), "Gondoliere," "Scène Triomphale;" (*F. Behr*), "Eight Characteristic Pieces;" (*H. Flieger*), "Abendständchen," "Loreley," "The Happiest Moment," "Mazurka;" (*H. Hofmann*), Op. 9, 23, 32, 36, 37, 38, 39, "New Hungarian Dances," "Silhouettes from Hungary," "The Hungarian Maiden;" (*K. Mahlborg*),

"Nine Pianoforte Pieces;" (*C. Reinecke*), "A Woodland Serenade;" (*L. Samson*), "Mignon;" (*F. Sieber*), "Before me float'st thou," "The Bird's Lay," "The Valley;" (*F. Spindler*), "The Hussar's Return."—"The Music Trade Review" (New York), No. 6.

Musical Notes.

THE following statistics of operas performed in the course of the past year are interesting, inasmuch as they tend to illustrate the present condition of opera in several of the principal theatres of Germany, as well as in those of the English metropolis.

At the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, from the 1st of September, 1876, to the 23rd of June last there were 219 operatic performances. This number does not include a morning performance of Grisar's opera, *Bon Soir, Sig. Pantalón*, but it does include the plays with music, such as *Struensee*, *Presiosa*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Manfred*, &c. The performances were furnished by forty-seven works of twenty-nine composers. The novelties were: *Die Folkunger*, by Kretschmer; *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, by H. Götz; *Genoveva*, by Schumann; and *Der König hat's gesagt* (*Le Roi l'a dit*), by Delibes. The following is the respective number of times the different operas were represented:—*Lohengrin*, 12 times; *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, *Tannhäuser*, *Il Trovatore*, 10; *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*, 9; *La Fille du Régiment*, *Fidelio*, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, 8; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Guillaume Tell*, 7; *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Die Folkunger*, *Le Prophète*, 6; *Die Macchabäer*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Genoveva*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Les Huguenots*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, 5; *Iphigénie en Tauride*, *La Muette*, 4; *Fernando Cortez*, *Mignon*, *Cesario*, *Le Roi l'a dit*, *Euryanthe*, *Joseph en Egypte*, *Hamlet*, *L'Africaine*, *Stradella*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *Martha*, *La Dame Blanche*, 3; *Armide*, *Rienzi*, *Aida*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Le Porteur d'Eau*, *Oberon*, *La Juive*, *Bon Soir, Sig. Pantalón*, 2; *Jessonda*, 1. The order of the composers, ranged according to the number of performances, is: R. Wagner, 37 performances, with 6 works; Mozart, 17, with 3; Meyerbeer, 15, with 4; Weber, 14, with 3; Verdi, 12, with 2; Auber, 10, with 3; Götz, 10, with 1; Gounod, 9, with 1; Beethoven, Brüll, and Donizetti, 8, with 1; Rossini, 7, with 1; Gluck and Thomas, 6, with 2; Kretschmer, 6, with 1; Flotow, 6, with 2; Rubinstein, Schumann, and Nicolai, 5, with 1; Spontini, Adam, Delibes, Taubert, Méhul, and Boieldieu, 3, with 1; Grisar, Halévy, and Cherubini, 2, with 1; and Spohr, 1, with 1.

DURING the theatrical year at Vienna, extending from the 20th August, 1876, to the 30th June, 1877, the Imperial Opera-house gave 261 performances. Nineteen evenings were devoted to ballet exclusively; four to concerts; and three to mixed performances. The list of operas given includes 52, representing 22 composers, as follows: R. Wagner, 37 performances, with 6 operas; Meyerbeer, 13, with 6; Verdi, 29, with 5; Rossini, 15, with 3; Donizetti, 13, with 6; Brüll, 12, with 1; Gounod, 12, with 2; Auber, 12, with 4; Mozart, 11, with 3; Boieldieu, 10, with 1; Ambroise Thomas, 10, with 2; Bellini, 7, with 2; Bizet, Goldmark, and Kretschmer, 5, with 1; Schubert, 4, with 1; Weber, 4, with 2; Marschner, 3, with 1; Beethoven, 2, with 1; Halévy, 2, with 1; Nicolai, 2, with 1; Schumann, 1 with 1. *Die Walküre* was performed 13 times; *Das Goldene Kreuz*, 12; *Les Huguenots*, *La Dame Blanche*, 10 each; *Robert le Diable*, *Aida*, *Il Trovatore*, 9 each; *Tannhäuser*, *Faust*, 8 each; *Lohengrin*, *Guillaume Tell*, *La Muette*, 7 each; *Le Prophète*, *L'Africaine*, *Mignon*, 6 each; *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Don Juan*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Ernani*, *Norma*, *La Reine de Saba*, *Carmen*, *Die Folkunger*, 5 each; *La Traviata*, *Hamlet*, *Roméo et Juliette*, *Der hässliche Krieg*, 4 each; *Die Meistersinger*, *Der Freischütz*, *Semiramide*, *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Le Philtre*, *Lucia*, *Ballo in Maschera*, *Hans Heiling*, 3 each; *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Rigoletto*, *Fidelio*, *La Favorita*, *La Sonnambula*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *La Juive*, 2 each; *Rienzi*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Oberon*, *Dinorah*, *Don Pasquale*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Le Domino Noir*, *La Part du Diable*, *Manfred*, 1 each.

At the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, which opened on the 3rd of April, and closed on the 21st of July, thirty operas, by fifteen composers, were brought forward, namely:—By Meyerbeer, the *Huguenots*, *Dinorah*, and *Etoile du Nord*; by Mozart, *Don Giovanni* and *Il Flauto Magico*; by Wagner, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and the *Flying Dutchman*; by Donizetti, *Favorita*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, *La Figlia*, and *Elisire d'Amore*; by Rossini, *William Tell* and *Il Barbiere*; by Flotow, *Marta*; by Bellini, *Sonnambula* and *I Puritani*; by M. Gounod, *Faust*

and *Romeo and Juliet*; by Auber, *Fra Diavolo*; by Otto Nicolai, *Falstaff*; by Ambroise Thomas, *Hamlet*; by Verdi, *Il Ballo, Aida, Traviata, Rigoletto, and Trovatore*; by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, *Santa Chiara*. Here Donizetti headed the list with 6 works; Verdi followed with 5; Meyerbeer and Wagner with 3 each; Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, and Gounod with 2 each; and the others with 1 each.

At Her Majesty's Theatre the works presented from the 28th of April to the 28th of July included Verdi's *Traviata, Trovatore, Il Ballo, and Rigoletto*; Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia, Lucia, and La Figlia*; Bellini's *Norma, Sonnambula, and Puritani*; Meyerbeer's *Roberto and Huguenots*; Rossini's *Barbiere and Otello*; Mozart's *Don Giovanni and Flauto Magico*; Gounod's *Faust*; and Flotow's *Marta*.

THE twenty-second series of twenty-five Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, announced to commence on the 6th inst., promises to be as varied in interest and as productive of novelty as any of its predecessors. In addition to the greater number of Beethoven's symphonies, overtures, concertos, &c., the following works are specified in the prospectus issued by the directors as likely to be brought to a hearing. By Mozart, two symphonies, viz: the well-known E flat, and that in D—the "Hafner"—together with a set of variations for strings and horns recently revived by the Vienna Philharmonic; by Haydn, the Grand Symphony in B flat, No. 9 of the Salomon set, and that in G (Letter V); by Schubert, the "Tragic" Symphony, and that in B flat (No. 2), which has not yet been given in public; by Mendelssohn, the "Italian" symphony, the *Lobgesang*, the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and a fugue for strings from a MS. symphony, not before performed; by Schumann, the symphonies in E flat and D minor; by Rossini, the ballet music from *Mosè in Egitto*; by Sterndale Bennett, the music to *Ajax* (his last work), the *May Queen*, and one of the pianoforte concertos; by Berlioz, the "Sinfonie caractéristique," *Harold en Italie*, for the first time at these concerts. Reverting to the older classics, it is intended to bring forward a concerto by Sebastian Bach, for solo violin, two flutes, and orchestra, probably never before performed in this country; by Handel, the Grand Concerto (No. 12) for full orchestra, and the concerto (No. 2) for solo oboe and orchestra; by Purcell, "The Yorkshire Feast Song," for solos, chorus, and orchestra, as published by the Purcell Society—the production of which last season, though announced, was unavoidably postponed, owing to the parts not being ready. Of the composers of our own day, it is hoped to include a new cantata by Professor Macfarren, entitled *The Lady of the Lake*; by Mr. Hatton, a Sacred Drama, *Hezekiah* (for the first time); by Sir Julius Benedict, a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, and the overture to the *Prince of Homburg*; by Mr. Prout, a new MS. Symphony in G minor; by Mr. Arthur Sullivan (for the first time in London), his new incidental music to Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*; a new concert overture by Mr. C. V. Stanford; Mr. Gadsby's overture to *Andromeda*, and choruses from *Alceste*, &c. &c. Brahms's symphony, which was produced in MS. with so much favour at the close of last season, and is now printed, will be repeated; also his "Song of Destiny," and his Variations on a Theme of Haydn's; by Raff, the "Waldsinfonie" ("In the forest") has been selected, a work not yet produced at these concerts; of Liszt, a rhapsodie (No. 4) for full orchestra, equally new to this country; of Rubinstein, the *Ocean* symphony; of Wagner, the *Walküren Ritt*, and the death-music from the *Ring of the Nibelung*, and, for the first time, the Introduction to the Third Act of the *Meistersinger*; of Reinecke, an orchestral "In Memoriam;" of Hoffmann and Goldmark, specimens will be given, including the "Ländliche Hochzeit," or "Country Wedding," of the latter; of Saint-Saëns, *La Rouet d'Omphale* and *La Jeunesse d'Hercule*; of Gounod, the ballet and other pieces from *Cinq-Mars*; of Verdi, the *Requiem*; and of Costa, "The Dream," a serenata, not performed here since 1853, &c. &c.

MR. H. WEIST HILL and his orchestra have resigned their engagement at the Alexandra Palace. The last concert took place on Saturday, September 1st, when the gentlemen of the orchestra presented Mr. Weist Hill with a very handsome silver cup, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Henry Weist Hill, Esq., by the members of the Alexandra Palace Orchestral Band, in recognition of his great ability as their conductor, and as a mark of their esteem and regard."

MESSRS. CHICKERING and SON, the well-known pianoforte manufacturers, of Boston and New York, recently celebrated the completion of their 50,000th pianoforte, by instituting a library for the use of those in their employ.

HERR ALBERT HAHN, the editor of *Die Tonkunst*, has left Berlin, and resumed his former post of *musik-director* at Königsberg, where in future *Die Tonkunst* will be published, instead of, as hitherto, at Berlin.

MR. W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bac. Oxon., F.R.S.L., has undertaken to read a lecture upon the "Life and Works of Sir Henry Bishop," at the London Institution on December 20th next. The lecture will be illustrated with a selection from the vocal writings of the composer.

THE Philharmonic Society have presented Herr Brahms with the gold medal struck in commemoration of the centenary of Beethoven's birth. Mme. Schumann, Dr. von Bülow, Professor Joachim, and M. Rubinstein, we believe, are the only artists to whom this honour had been previously awarded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. H.—Professor Nietzsche's masterly pamphlet, "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth," quoted in our July number, has not, to our knowledge, been translated into English. A French translation of it, by Marie Baumgartner, has, however, been issued by the publisher of the original, E. Schmeitzner, of Schloss-Chemnitz, whose London agent is Mr. F. Wohlauer.

All communications respecting Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, as a guarantee of good faith.

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